

A Novel Case

Among the several cases that engaged the attention of Justice R. H. Bunting at his court yesterday was that of the state vs. E. F. Hanna, local agent of the Intermediate Life Insurance Company, of Baltimore. Mr. Hanna was charged with the larceny of a policy of insurance, payable to Alice Faison, colored, as beneficiary, and issued on the life of Lovey Faison. The warrant was sworn out by one John Robinson, colored, at the instance, the defense contends, of a rival Virginia insurance company doing business in this city.

The case was called before Justice Bunting a week or so ago, and by request of counsel was set for trial yesterday. Messrs. Marsden Bellamy and Herbert McClammy represented the prosecution, and Messrs. John D. Bellamy and George L. Peschau appeared for the defense. The counsel for the plaintiff contends that the policy of insurance, the face value of which amounted to \$200, had been obtained by trick from an attendant, while the assured was at the point of death and in the absence from home of the beneficiary.

Alice Faison, the mother of Lovey Faison, who died, was introduced as a witness by the prosecution, testified that on the 15th of June she was absent from home, and when she returned she was told that Mr. Hanna had called and taken the policy, stating that he was compelled to take it back as it was taken out while Lovey Faison was sick. He left \$1, which amounted to about the premiums that had been paid. The witness testified that she never saw Mr. Hanna then and never signed a receipt for the returned premium.

Other witnesses were introduced to prove that Mr. Hanna called and got the policy back.

Mr. Hanna was put up by the defense and testified that he is agent for the Intermediate Insurance Company, of Baltimore; that when he went to Lovey Faison's house to collect the premium on her policy he found her in bed sick. She told him she was sick when the policy was issued, so, according to the terms of the contract, he took the policy back.

There was other testimony, but the above is sufficient to show what the case is. The counsel on both sides addressed the court at length, and Justice Bunting reserved his decision till 3 p. m. tomorrow.

A Battlefield Acquaintance Renewed.

The Rev. P. C. Morton, the Presbyterian evangelist stationed at Whiteville, Columbus county, who has been in our city since Thursday, returned home yesterday. Yesterday while Mr. Morton was in the Kerchner building on Water street, in search of the office of Messrs. Smith & Gilchrist, he stepped into an office on the same floor to inquire where their office was. The gentleman he made the inquiry of was Captain James I. Metts, a gallant confederate soldier who came so nearly losing his life in the bloody battle at Gettysburg in July, 1863. When Captain Metts told Mr. Morton his name, the latter gentleman inquired if he was any kin to Lieutenant Jimmie Metts, who was killed at Gettysburg. Captain Metts informed him that he was no kin to him, but that he was the man himself. The two had not met for thirty-four years and the surprise and pleasure of one meeting the other, whom he presumed was dead, can well be imagined.

Captain Metts was shot through the right lung at Gettysburg, and the ball having passed clear through his body, it was thought impossible for him to recover. Mr. Morton was a chaplain in the confederate army and was left at Gettysburg to minister to the wounded who fell into the hands of the federals and were in the hospital at that place. It was in the hospital, desperately wounded, that Mr. Morton last saw Captain Metts until they met last Friday. He naturally supposed that a man so desperately wounded could not live, but the meeting of as lively a dead man as Captain Metts now is proved that he was mistaken.

Arrested on the Sound

Yesterday about 12:35 o'clock, Deputy Sheriff Jimmie Murray arrested a colored boy named Ward, about 18 years of age for stealing clams from the Mr. Shell's place at Ocean View. When the boy saw the officer coming he made for a boat and tried to escape, but was overtaken. He jumped into the water and was captured by Officer Murray and Captain Gilchrist, after he had come within an ace of being drowned. He was brought to the city and placed in jail till Monday when he will have a hearing before Justice R. H. Bunting.

Corpse of a Child Found on the River

Captain S. S. Burruss, who runs a flat on the river, informs us that on the east bank, about four miles south of the city, he noticed yesterday afternoon a large number of vultures. He went ashore to see what they were after, and found the remains of an infant which they had devoured, with the exception of the frame. It had been tied up in a pillow case, and Captain Burruss thinks it was a stillborn that had probably been thrown in the river and floated by the tide to the point where he found it.

Fire at Federal Point

Friday night about 11 o'clock the residence of Mrs. Sarah J. Freeman, at Federal Point, caught fire and was burned down. The neighbors turned out and did all they could to save the house but to no purpose. The house, a structure of one story and a half, was totally destroyed and also nearly all the contents. Mrs. Freeman was fortunate, however, in having her house and furniture insured to the amount of \$400, with Colonel Walker Taylor, of this city.

The Accident to Emperor William.

London, July 18.—A special dispatch from Berlin says that the fact that Emperor William is returning to Kiel for an examination of the eye recently injured, confirms the fears that the accident is more serious than has been admitted, the danger growing out of the general low health of the Kaiser.

An Ex-Prisoner Writes From the State Farm

The following is sent to The Messenger by a colored ex-prisoner at the state penitentiary farm known as Caledonia, in Halifax county:

Calladonia Farm Idams, Tillery, N. C., July 14, '97.

Editors Messenger: Please allow me space in your columns to say that we have a very good crop on this farm at present, and all of the prisoners are well satisfied at their treatment as labor, but after taking their rest at night barbarism takes place next morning. The night guards go in the cells at night and make them dance and du all kind of meanness and then have them whip next morning. The night guards are like the prisoners will not obey them, but it is strange that they have so much trouble at night and the Overseers has no trouble in the day.

On the 12th of July the night guard reported a prisoner hear for saucing him and he was taken in the commissary and whip until he nearly could travel. He is now in the hospital. The Dr. sees they are great danger. The skin was busted on him in several places. Though the Overseers would not consent to let the prisoners be whipped, the Overseers expected only one of the prisoners escaped and that was by the carelessness of the Overseer, who had the prisoner to go out of sight of the guard which give him the chance to escape. The Overseers is concerned, I think the negro has beat the record and when the Ensign of right and justice makes they way to the top of the staircase and behind all the prisoners is hear, then they belch forth the smook of deception and then say it will not do for the negro to take charge of the stock-crops as they are guards. The Overseers is a custom to sleeping, when one too of the white guards has been caught sleep on duty, even to the honesty of the prisoners has been seen checking stones to wake them up rather than to escape. The negro has to stay on duty 15 hours to the day and the white guards 12, but after all the negro hedges his prisoners. But a few days ago all of the Overseers took their squads of prisoners, counted them and went to their work, and behold they left one prisoner sleeping and he was afraid if he was caught in there that he would be whip, so he slip out the stock-crops and went to his work about two miles away, the prisoner having a sentence of eight years.

Partys ruling as far as they treat towards the negro, for us and time will prove it to them.

Yours, ESPRESSONENT.

And if this is denied we will say more with proofs.

Close of the State Line Chautauqua.

(Correspondence of The Messenger.)

Fair Bluff, N. C., July 16. The State Line Chautauqua closed its interesting exercises tonight. It has been a grand success and it is the opinion of every one that the great Sunday school work has been magnified in the eyes of the people by the splendid addresses and lectures of the distinguished men from both North and South Carolina.

Before the chautauqua adjourned there was an enthusiastic meeting of the leading citizens and business men with the distinguished visitors, and after a full and free discussion it was resolved to hold an annual chautauqua at this place to be known as the State Line Sunday School Chautauqua. The following officers were elected:

President—Rev. J. D. Perry, D. D., Hartsville, S. C.

Vice Presidents—Mr. D. A. Caldwell, Lumberton, N. C.; Mr. A. F. Powell, Vineland, N. C.; Mr. E. W. Noltey, Conway, S. C.; Hon. J. E. Pettigrew, Florence, S. C.

Secretary—Professor N. D. Johnson, Fair Bluff, N. C.

Treasurer—Mr. I. M. Powell, Fair Bluff, N. C.

Executive Committee—Rev. J. A. Smith, Fair Bluff; Rev. B. W. Spillman, Raleigh, N. C.; and Messrs J. E. Johnson, B. A. Anderson, and Oscar Page, Fair Bluff, N. C.

The State Line Chautauqua will be an important meeting to the Christian workers and citizens of the two great Carolinas. Elaborate preparations will be made for the chautauqua of 1898, and already the citizens of Fair Bluff are beginning to look forward with pleasure to this great annual gathering. The citizens of this place feel under lasting obligation to the firm of Messrs. Smith & Gilchrist for furnishing a splendid piano for the late chautauqua and they appreciate the kindness of the talented young men from Lumberton who made the musical feature such a great attraction.

Rev. B. M. Spillman, of Raleigh, conducted this chautauqua, and he has impressed our people with the idea that he was one of the best Sunday school workers in the state. We expect to see Wilmington well represented at the chautauqua of 1898.

How's This.

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honest in all business transactions and financially able to carry out all obligations made by him.

WEST & TRUAX.

Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. W. ALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN.

Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the latest and best acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Broke His Embrassment

"Indescribably funny things happen sometimes in places where no one would expect them to occur," said Representative R. L. Henry, of Texas, today, remembering once a state legislature which for downright ludicrousness beats anything that ever came under my observation. A member from one of the city constituencies who enjoyed a big reputation at the bar had vainly been endeavoring for about half an hour to get recognition from the speaker, shouting, 'Mr. Speaker!' at the top of his voice, but the official seemed bent on not recognizing him. Finally worn out by the member's importunity, the speaker at last said, 'The gentleman from San Antonio,' and the gentleman from San Antonio started in to deliver a speech. Then a curious thing happened. The statesman who had been struggling so energetically to be heard found himself unable to deliver a single sentence. In vulgar parlance, he was 'stuck,' and though he tried hard to overcome his temporary paralysis of speech, the words wouldn't come. While still on his feet stuttering forth a disjointed word that 'little meaning, little relevancy bore,' he was leaning on the speaker's desk, his colleague yelled out: 'Sit down there, you—old fool!' I thank thee, Roderick, for the word! said the member as he rose with a beaming smile on his face, and immediately took his seat amid the roars of the house. In the legislature a country representative got up and yelled, 'Mr. Speaker!' Mr. Speaker, I rise to a point of order! 'Make it a quart, and I'll recognize you,' said the gentleman in the chair, but the countryman was so much increased in confidence by his associates that he stalked from the floor.—Washington Letter in the New York Tribune.

The Financial Market.

(By Henry Crews & Co.)

New York, July 17.

The extraordinary exports of this country for the past fiscal year, amounting to over \$1,000,000,000 and resulting in an excess over imports of \$287,500,000, makes a most gratifying showing, and is in itself a strong incentive for the growth of confidence in business circles. The present United States treasury balance, showing \$22,000,000, \$12,812,000 of which is in gold is also a most favorable feature. Another favorable factor is that there is not only a promise of good crops, but also of high prices; so that we are now witnessing a strong market and also one equally so for both grain and cotton, the three markets being backed by confident buying. This is an unusual circumstance and one which Wall street has not for a long time experienced. It foreshadows also that the import of gold will soon start this way in exchange for our products and securities. Europe is sure to buy our large quantities very soon. Instead of Argentina, India and Australia being exporters of wheat, as heretofore, and in consequence serious competitors, they are likely to import more or less. The exports of wheat from this country from the last crop amounted to 147,000,000 bushels. Appearance of a much larger quantity will be required from our present crop. This insures a remunerative price for the product of this year and prosperity to the farmer. It is an important factor to note that the sections of the country known as the silver-producing states are now taking gold producers on an important scale, owing to the enterprise of the people having been turned to hunting for the yellow metal in place of the white, because the demand for the one is universal and the other but limited.

It is generally conceded that the advanced American securities has been without any material help from London, the transactions from that quarter for some time past having been purchases and sales for moderate profits and quick turns. This, therefore, places us in a position of not being dependent on the foreign market for securities from abroad at high prices. They are not now held in large quantities in speculative hands on the other side.

A Vigil Ended

(Written for The Messenger.)

Yes suh, me an' Jim Brown wuz brudders. We wuz born on de same day on B—plantation nigh on to two mile from here. Le-m-m-e see, him wuz sixty yeh today. Twont much dat wuz gwine on heah dat me and Jim didn't know sumthin' 'bout. He wuz de mos' quistive coon, suttienly, dat I ebber knowd. An' dat boy, he wuz as strong as a bull yearlin' and he won't feared o' nothin'. Mean? No, dat he warn't. All de white folks lubbed Jim.

Ob course, he wuz allers a projedjickin', and dat nigger played his pranks on de abbeybody. But dere warn't nothin' mean 'bout him. I see kind o' stern like, take dat nigger for de purpose o' whippin' him, but arter 'splanations by dat coon, de ole marster, he jes couldn't. Dar seemed to be sumthin' 'bout 'ese splanations dat 'culdly 'fected ole marster. Sure, he would cuss, but den dat wuz his way. An' Marster Henry? Yes, suh, he an' Jim wuz same as one, mos'. But den Jim he belong to Marster Henry. Ole marster he gib him to young marster when dey bofe wuz young. Marster Henry he thought all de world ob Jim, and Jim he thought all de world ob Marster Henry. An' dar warn't. Dem wuz happy days fur all o' us. Ole Marster he had plenty o' money, an' lots o' niggers. In de big house ober yonder dar wuz times which dis ole ribber pears to me won't debber see agin. Dah wuz company, and dah was devedment, and to individual dis nigger me used to put on our Sunday clothes and dribe de pervishun wagon, an' wait on Marster Henry an' all de young marsters an' missuses, an' sech like. Dat wuz afore de war. 'Taint no now. Ole marster's been dead gwine on some twenty yeh more now, an' ole missuses she's been keepin' a nigger ole marster. Marster Henry he wuz killt at Chancellorsville and it kind o' seemed like arter dat de ole folks jes pined right away. Jim an' me's been here ebber since. 'Taint much dat we've been a doin'. A little fishin' an' a farmin', but den 'taint much we've need. We've been keepin' a nigger ole marster ober de ole place. D'ye see dem oaks ober yonder, young marster? Dats where marster an' de family graves is. An' away ober in de corner ob de fence by de swamp? Dats where ole Jim wants to go.

His pained head turned in the direction of a rude coffin at the end of the shanty. He rose and walked steps advanced towards it. He reached it and looking around, in faltering tones asked: 'An' you don't spee' de ole folks would 'bect?' I answered 'No.'

GEORGE LUDWIG PESCHAU.

A Hot Pans Plaster

A certain Pennsylvania man will make up his mind before he leaves the doctor's hands that he is paying very dearly for a little unnecessary experience. For the want of a horseshoe nail the kingdom was lost, and for the want of a lucifer match the Pennsylvania man is in the hospital. It all happened because of the dusk of evening, this condition being aided and abetted by the additional fact that the man keeps his porous plasters and his fly paper in the same locality, a most reprehensible and inexcusable habit. The victim wanted a porous plaster, and he wanted it in a hurry. He felt around in the darkness and he found the fly paper. It was as sticky as well-regulated fly paper has any occasion to be, and the man mistook it for the porous plaster. He slapped it on his chest and sought the retirement of his room. Therein he went through an experience which has perhaps never been duplicated. That bogus plaster hadn't been in place but a short time when the man remarked:

"Gee whiz! but she's beginning to catch hold!"

Ten minutes later he drew a long breath and went to bed.

"Hully smek! but this is hot stuff!"

And then the rest of the family was suddenly roused up by a mingling of war dance and earthquake, and the wild shrieks of a man in limited costume, who was furiously belching:

"Help, help, murder, fire, police, wow, wow, wow!"

When they drew the fly paper from him the cover of his chest came with it, and the doctor found that the hinges of three of his ribs were nearly pulled from their sockets.

He'll know the difference next time. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CRUEL CRITICISMS OF FRANCE

Why the French Are Weaker Than the Anglo-Saxons

(New York Tribune.)

No more cruel criticism of France has ever been printed than that contained in the remarkable book just published by the well-known French author and scientist, Edmond Demolins, and which bears the title "Reasons for the Superiority of the Anglo-Saxon Race." It is a book which, wonderful to relate, is arousing no anger or irritation on the part of the countrymen of the writer. On the contrary, his statements are accepted as true, though sad, and the Parisian press abandoning for once in the way its brilliant frivolity, discusses the book with an altogether unusual sobriety and earnestness, declaring that no matter how painful the perusal of its pages will be to patriotic Frenchmen, it is the bounden duty of the latter to swallow to the last drop the unpalatable dose contained in M. Demolins's cup of bitterness.

"The things that M. Demolins tells us," writes Jules Lemaitre, of the French Academy, in The Paris Pictorial, "we knew already, and if we did not know them, we at least suspected their existence. But he has assembled them together, and given concise expression thereto, and from his essay, which is as convincing as it is distressing, we are placed face to face with our own weakness and our own inferiority as compared with the immense social, political, commercial, industrial, financial and moral superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race. For it is not the acknowledged superiority of our cooks and our playrights which will ever save us, and it is probable that our superiority in all artistic matters is nothing more than a mere mental luxury."

The eminent academician agrees with the author of the book that one of the main causes of this superiority is the fact that the French nation is a communal organization—that is to say, an organization where every one relies upon his neighbor instead of himself, whereas the Anglo-Saxons are a race of particularists, each man for himself, and each man for himself—that is to say, a race each member which relies upon himself instead of anybody else. Another person is to be found in the Anglo-Saxon race, and in England they turn out men in the full sense of the word. "Our system of education tends to impair the growth of the individual. For, inasmuch as government officers are not sufficiently remunerative to constitute a means of livelihood, the parents are compelled to save as many hours as they can, and they have children. Not only does this lead them to have as few children as possible, but likewise has the effect of withdrawing from industry many of the ablest and most otherwise be used for the development thereof, instead of being invested in bonds and stocks that are often those of a foreigner, instead of of no productiveness whatever to France. In America and in Great Britain, on the contrary, schools prepare the pupils for the struggle of life, and in the United States, industrial, commercial and agricultural character, rather than for underpaid government service. The consequence is that the French nation, and the nations which it leads, that there is no dread of an abundance of children and that the home lacks that tendency toward avarice which is so many of the Anglo-Saxons, and of the middle and lower classes in France."

BLIGHTING INFLUENCES OF POLITICS.

M. Demolins and his eminent reviewer, the Academician Lemaitre, then go on to show that the preference of the French for public service over agricultural, industrial and commercial pursuits results in the failure of having a national legislature composed of 150 former government officials, the balance being composed of free playgoers and actors who for the most part are far from being the cream of their respective professions, which they would not have abandoned for better achievements had they not their various callings. Compared to this the English house of commons is composed to the extent of four-fifths of great landowners, manufacturers and merchants, men representative, in one word, of the trade, the industry and the agriculture of the empire.

It is thanks to this and to other analogous considerations enumerated by the author of the book in question that the United States and Great Britain are more free playgoers and actors than we are, and from the most reactionary and backward of all organizations, the organization which, of all, is the most fatal to activity, development and to individual dignity. No wonder, then, that the Anglo-Saxon race is destined to become before long the master of the world. It has supplanted and subjected all other races in North America, in India, in Australia, and in Africa and the remainder of the world—that is to say, South America and that portion not comprised by India, through its commerce and its industry. That is why the conviction is held that, no matter what the schemes of the present imbroglio in the Orient, it is the Anglo-Saxon race which will profit the most thereby.

Some Late New Things

A newly designed bust form for dress-makers' use is made of a series of non-collapsible rigid vertical stays, with adjustable cross bands attached by means of clamps, so they can be expended until the proper shape and size is obtained.

A new medical inhaler for diseases of the head and throat passages is composed of a water-proof fabric, to be stretched over the mouth and nose, with an atomizer at one side to produce vapor from the medicine for the patient to breathe.

Baby cribs are being placed on the market which can be folded up in a small space when not in use, the frame being formed of hinged members which lock and when opened to support a curved crib which is attached to a pivoted framework.

To prevent dust from getting on the chain and gear wheels of a bicycle the chain is surrounded by a pair of telescopic tubes, with drums at the ends to cover the gears, the shafts projecting through small holes in the side of the drums.

To raise bread dough after it has been kneaded a new raising pan is fitted with a reservoir underneath which is filled with warm water to heat the dough to the right temperature without the necessity of placing it on the stove, where it might dry out or burn.

In a new block signal system for railroads the signals are operated automatically by the passing train, which closes the block as it enters and opens it as it enters the next block, which is in turn closed when opened to support a curved

Telegraphic Sparks.

The president sends to the senate the nomination of Terrence V. Powderly, of Pennsylvania, to be commissioner general of immigration.

In Atlanta, Ga., under a decision by the attorney general, it is probable that all water and gas plants and all other forms of municipal property, which may pay a revenue, will hereafter be returned for taxation.

At Toronto, Ont., Peter Martin, who tore down a stars and stripes from the city hall Friday, was fined \$1.00 and costs or thirty days in jail as a disorderly, in the police court.

SALT RHEUM

Most torturing and disgusting of itching, burning, itching and scalp humors is instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a single application of CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure, and a full dose of CUTICURA Resolvent, greatest of blood purifiers and humor cures, when all else fails.

Cuticura

Is sold throughout the world. For Sale in New York, N. Y., by J. C. F. & Co., 110 N. 3rd St., N. Y. City.

FALLING HAIR. Simply Facs, Baby Bismuths, Cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

DO YOU WANT WORK—WE NEED several Agents in different sections of this State and South Carolina to handle our Machines. Experience unnecessary. Liberal compensation to the right kind of a man. Address THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO., Wilmington, N. C.

July 20 3m Tues

HIS MONOPOLY

The Stranger Who Shook the Restaurant

Kepper a Thing or Two

One day a stranger came into Truman's restaurant, and, with a great display of secrecy, drew the proprietor of the eating lair aside and told him he now had a chance to grasp a fortune. Mr. Truman was out in that country for the sole purpose of grasping fortunes, and he told the stranger, who requested that he bring the fortune before him forthwith.

"All right," said the other, and he produced to the view of Truman a large iron letter "G" of the condensed Gosh variety. "There it is."

"What! that coupling link? Why, fool man, I can go up to the U. P. shops and get all of those I can cart away, and you will have a tank full of soup. There is no getting away from it. If you doubt it, and of course you do—nobody can do it but me. The truth of this matter is—well—I will prove it to you. Have you a pot of hot water handy?"

Like accompanied the stranger to the kitchen and turned over to his use the kettle in which he usually made the soup for the restaurant. The visitor put about two quarts of water into it, set it over the fire, inserted the iron and watched it while it simmered, meanwhile discoursing on the marvel of it all until Truman was pretty well worked up.

"What'll you sell it for?" he said.

"The bargainly pittance of \$10," the keeper of Mias answered.

"Now," the soupmaker remarked, "that pot contains all the basic elements of good soup. All I need is a little salt and pepper and some meat and an onion to flavor it." Truman quickly provided these, and in a few minutes the other pronounced the soup as ready for sampling.

"The restaurant tasted it, and to my surprise, found that it was good stuff. It had the exact soup taste." "That's wonderful," he said. "Here's your \$10. Did you intend to sell any more of those?"

"If it does what you say," he said, "what'll you sell it for?"

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